

Sean Lea

"Fragile Lungs"

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Fortune and Fame; It is merely a game that resets
when we're six-feet below
Is man made of paper, or plastic, or merely, a God that
he's dying to know?
And where is my sympathy when I am hurting and low?
You are my symphony just when I need YOu the most

And I have been given life
And You have put breath in these fragile lungs
And You have told the sun to give light in the morning,
and that is enough

You count your scars, but I'm counting the stars in the
eyes of the children at play
You count your cash, but I'm counting the memories
that God let my loved ones help make
And life looks less like a statement from the bank
And life looks more like feeding the African plains

Oh, the splendor of the lilies You clothe, but for us You
care much more
Numbered days don't seem so sad when understood
they're days to have

I am unworthy
I have done nothing
I am unworthy
So thank You for giving me life

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